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Dec. 11

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Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan 6-1887

Men Think
they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Many a Lady
is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW THE BABY GROWS.

The Children's Opinion.
Nobody sees the baby grow. Baby, dear, with the laughing eyes, Who came to our house a year ago, Looking ever so wrinkled and wise; But every day of the happy year He has taken upon him some beauty now. And as for how and why, this is clear, He never had anything else to do.

Grandmamma says: "When he's asleep, Then it is that the baby grows." Close to the cradle we often creep, "To watch, but we don't think grandma knows." Never a trudge of the golden hair, Clustering soft around his brow, Low down the least white we are there, And yet it's growing—the wonder, how?

Teach's talks of chemical stuffs, Which into a secret of life combine, And mother, listening, softly sighs: "O God, be good to this boy of mine!" And into the sunny summer days, Or to the wintry evenings cold, She waves the wand of her joyful praise While closely about him her fond arms fold.

Nobody sees the baby grow, But over a rosy little face, The perfect rippling of laughing flow, The dimpling cheeks, the eyes, the nose, The tiny feet are learning to walk, The round little arms are growing strong, The laughing face is learning to talk, As eagerly pass the day along.

Nobody can explain it all, But one thing is our heart is clear: God, who sees if a sparrow fall, Sent our beautiful baby here. "Easy enough when she loves him so—And God, whenever she puts out the light, Just looks in and makes him grow."—Margaret E. Sawyer, in Harper's Young People.

GETTING THE VICTORY.

How the Perseverant "I Will" Overcame the Giant "Can't."

Sammie Gay was bright, generous, but very quick tempered. His father and mother had tried faithfully to point out the foolishness and danger of yielding constantly to so dangerous a flaw. Frequent punishment had followed parental counsel, but still Sammie yielded far too often to the tyrant temper, which proved after all a hard master to the kind hearted boy.

When there was to be a festival at the local street church, and Sammie begged leave to go, his mother said, yes, he could go, and have fifteen cents to spend in the intervening two days, he would not yield once to any improper show of temper, not that it was any part of her plan to deprive Sammie of it, but the wise mother knew that once in awhile some tempting incentive would go a great ways toward stimulating a boy to real effort in the right direction. But the mother was made both glad and sorry, when, on the afternoon of the festive day, poor Sammie declared with a burst of tears that he couldn't go, because he got "awful mad" that morning and called Tommy Tug "a hateful, dirty spider," because he crawled softly up behind him and rubbed his half out of his eyes.

Mrs. Gay was glad that Sammie was quick-tempered, he was not a coward, but dared to tell the truth, although it cost him considerable in the way of fun and pleasure. And she did not forget to neglect to commend the boy for his truthfulness, for the affair happened in the school-yard and could easily have been concealed had Sammie had less courage and conscience than distinguished him. So that evening, when the time for the festal came, Mrs. Gay invited Sammie to take a little walk with her, and during the pleasant stroll she showed how a hasty temper betrayed any one into all sorts of sin and folly.

Then she spoke in her calm, kind way of the improper language he had used in calling Tommy Tug the names he did, language no little gentleman would soil his lips by using. "Now, my child," she added, cheerily, "I've heard of an excellent plan for preventing one's self from saying hasty words and making improper speeches; whenever you feel the least angry, stop and count ten before allowing yourself to speak one word."

Sammie thought this a splendid idea, and declared his belief that he could keep his temper in that way without doubt. He would try it the very next day.

And so he did, poor child, for when Nick Neal, the bad boy of the school, taunted him with having failed in spelling, he answered never a word, but just began counting ten with all his might; but when Nick called out in his most provoking tone, "Ah, so the little person hasn't the courage to say a word!" up went Sammie's hand in quick revenge, and he had to remain in from recess in the afternoon for striking another boy.

No wonder poor Sammie cried that night, and told his sympathizing mother that he was, he could not conquer his temper, it was bound to overcome him every time. After Sammie was in bed and settling himself "to think over things," his mother came into his room with a book in her hand; and with ready delight he knew that meant a story before going to sleep. And was a wonderful story, all about a boy who won an astonishing victory in making "I can't" yield to "I will."

The hero was not a very strong child, and every difficult task of duty made him shrink back and say: "I can't"; but one night he dreamed a great giant by the name of "I will" came and conquered the feeble, but persistent, "I can't," until it was driven away forever. But the great Captain, under whose leadership the victory was accomplished, was named "Perseverance"; for "I will" did not come all on a sudden. There were several long battles, first, but the boy dreamed that "I will" was not to be put down, and when finally "I can't" was really driven away he never came back again.

Sammie thought this a splendid story, as indeed it was; and his mother told him how his eyes flashed, and what a look of strong purpose and resolve came over his face as he listened to the well-told, truthful story.

The next day, when bed-time came, Sammie looked so happy his mother said he knew he had something good to tell her; and he laughed, and said "twas a long story; but as thought for all that she would like to hear it, as his mother certainly did want to hear all about it, he began: "Well, all the way to school this morning I kept thinking of 'I can't' and 'I will,' and I says to myself: 'I will make this 'I will' of mine give in; yesterday I thought: 'Oh! I can't,' I can't; but now I will, and first thing while I was thinking these thoughts, some one jumped at me and scratched me as loud as he could, and there was that foolish Nick Neal again, and my first thought was: 'I can't keep my temper, but quick as a flash I says: 'I will' so I just laughed and says: 'Well, that was pretty well done, Nick, 'spos you try it again.' Well, he plagued me all the way to school, and that 'can't' and 'will' kept up a battle all the whole way, but 'will' came out victorious!"

"Well done," says mother, "I'm glad to hear that."

"But the last of it," continued Sam-

mie, "was when recess came, Nick wanted to borrow a knife and none of the fellows would lend him one, his hands were dirty and he looked so mean. I had another battle with 'can't' and 'will,' but up I marched and handed Nick my knife. And if you'll believe it, Mother Gay, Nick used it as careful as could be, and when he brought it back says very like a gentleman: 'Thank you, Sam. I won't let other boys use it, nor won't I let any of the fellows use it.'"

"But after recess I failed in geography after I'd spent an hour studying and thought I knew my lesson perfectly. Oh, how I wanted to seff my feet; but then came another battle with 'can't' and 'will,' and I got the better of my temper again."

"This afternoon while we were playing ball, Tommy Tug let the ball fly right at my face, and gave me the biggest blow; my, how it hurt! I yelled to hit Tom back, and 'twas the worst I'll have had to-day; temper kept saying: 'I can't restrain myself, then the good giant would say: 'I will' and so I said: 'Please try not to do that again, Tommy,' and he actually wanted me to take a cent his father gave him to spend, but—oh—I wouldn't!"

The tears were in his mother's eyes when Sammie finished his story, and that night she read the story of "I can't" and "I will" to him again, to impress it on his mind; and now Sammie says he is an out and out warrior, for he has to fight battles every day. But he also says it's constantly becoming easier to conquer his temper, because "I can't" is getting tired of having to give up to "I will," then others see what an effort he is making to keep down his hot temper and help him all they can.

Sammie will conquer at last, and so will every dear child who makes up his mind in earnest to listen to the good voice of "I will," and I trust out the foolish voice of "I can't." One is small but persistent, the other a giant, but the boy never forgets that many a giant ever since the days of Goliath of old has been slain by what after all is no stronger than a sling and a stone, so he must make a strong fight on the part of the good giant "I will!"—Harriet A. Cheever, in Golden Rule.

SUSIE'S BRAVERY.

How She Saved Her Brother's Life by Her Presence of Mind.

One day Mrs. Whit was obliged to leave home in the morning and did not expect to return until the evening. She felt anxious about leaving her three children alone, but it really could not be helped. So she asked a kind old lady who lived next door to look in on the children two or three times through the day to see that no harm came to them.

The first time the old lady came in, Susie, who was twelve years old, was trying to put her two-year-old brother to sleep; while eight-year-old Jennie was amusing herself by trying short pieces of string to her kitten's tail and watching her run round and round trying to catch it. "Well," said the lady, "I am glad to see that you are such good children, and I hope that you will avoid getting into mischief, at least till your mamma returns."

But no sooner had the lady left when Willie suddenly changed his mind about going to sleep. He sat up in Susie's lap and struggled to get on the floor.

Susie let him do as he wished, and he soon joined in Jennie's sport with the kitten.

Susie, thinking this the best time to do the sweeping, took up the broom, expecting to sweep the yard and pavement.

But suddenly she heard a loud scream, and upon reaching the room where she had left Jennie and Willie she almost fainted. For there upon the floor lay Willie, perfectly quiet, pale as death, and the blood flowing freely from a cut in his head.

Willie had only fallen from a chair, but in his fall had struck his head against some broken glass which was lying on the floor, which caused a severe cut in his head.

To say that Susie was alarmed would hardly express what she felt, and at first she did not know what to do. Her first thought was to call out one of the neighbors, her second was to run for the doctor. But, had Susie acted upon either of these thoughts, Willie would have been left alone with Jennie, who was so frightened that she could do nothing but cry and give an occasional scream.

Susie felt very much like doing the same, but she knew this would be worse than useless; so she ran quickly for a large piece of cloth, lifted Willie's head from the floor and bound up the cut tightly in order to stop the flow of blood.

She then laid him up in the bed, sent for the doctor, and he came with a bottle of iodine and a bandage, but Willie opened his eyes; but he seemed very weak.

When the doctor came he told Susie there was no danger, but that Willie was very weak from the loss of blood. "When Susie heard that Willie would not die, as she had feared, she felt so relieved and happy that she burst into tears. And when she told the doctor how it had all happened, he was amazed. "You are a brave little woman, Susie!" he exclaimed, "and you have saved your brother's life by your presence of mind. Had you left your brother on the floor bleeding and ran about wildly for assistance, as most of the boys of your age would have done, he might have died from the loss of blood. Few girls would have kept their usual common sense about them as you did. Even grown people do some very foolish things when they become frightened."

One knew a lady whose house to keep first day, and, being anxious to save some of her best clothing, she began throwing it out of the window. In a few moments, however, she felt that it was time to leave the burning house, so she set up the baby in one arm and a few pillows in the other, and proceeded to throw the pillows out of the window and carry the baby down the stairs; but she had become so frightened and had lost her presence of mind completely, so when she reached the window she threw the baby out of it and carried the pillows down the stairs."

"O," cried Susie, when the doctor had finished, "was the baby killed?" "No," said he, "it had fallen upon some of the bedding and was unhurt. But it taught the mother a lesson which she never forgot, nor did she ever lose her presence of mind again."

"But I must leave you now, Susie. Don't be anxious about your brother. I have bound his head properly, and all he needs now is perfect quiet. I will call again in a few days, and give your mother further directions." So he took up his hat and came and left Susie to ponder over the importance of cultivating presence of mind.—School and Home.

THE "HIKER."

An Aquatic Racehorse Whose Hair is on the Delaware.

The "hiker" is an aquatic racehorse not more than fifteen feet long, without a deck, with a mat taway up in the bow, and with a single sail big enough for a good-sized yacht. The "hiker" does not carry any ballast except that which can move about on two legs. In other words, her crew of four or five men are her ballast. In order to utilize their weight so as to prevent capsizing, the unknown genius who invented the "hiker" devised the following scheme: He fastened to the center-board the mast and the lower yard of the sail are five or six ropes, which are long enough to hand over one side into the water. On the ends which go over the side are fastened bits of wood, and on these bars of wood hang the human ballast.

An admirable illustration of the working of this simple but rather moist device is afforded during every regatta of the Southwark Yacht Club. The "hiker" is composed entirely of "hikers," either with a double or a single bow. When the starting gun is fired, from then to fifty races slip across the line as their crews frantically haul up the sails. They continue hauling until such a spread of canvas is displayed that any spectator who was not acquainted with the use of the apparently useless ropes and wooden bars, which seem to be only in the way of the men, would say at once that the unballasted little boats would go over before the first quarter-mile was finished.

On they glide down the river, gathering increased momentum with each moment. Still their progress is comparatively slow, and here being but a breath of air. The crews all sit staring at the sail and the river behind. Suddenly the mulling of the water tells of the coming of a puff of wind. The crew of each "hiker" so amble over to the windward side and perch themselves on the gunwales with the bare soles of their feet on the transverse bars and hold on to the ropes. Every other wave surges up to their knees, and often a dip to windward submerges them completely, with the exception of their legs, which float lazily up and down. The "hiker" is a most peculiar sight, but who of the rowing men are saved from capsizing by the river is made with the crew "hiking" in this manner.

Sometimes as they come about, in spite of their efforts, the wind proves too strong for them, and the side they are sitting over is raised high in the air. Then for a few brief seconds every nerve is strained as they pull on the ropes and hang, almost dead downward, over the side. They may succeed, and keep the boat from capsizing, or they may all execute a grand diving leap as the "hiker" goes over and they are thrown forward into the sail. This, however, happens only when there is an unusually strong wind or when bad management is shown in "reeving" about the wrong side. And even if they do capsize, there is no harm done. Of course, they are out of the race, but that is all. The tugs and steamers that follow pick them up and tow the half submerged boat back home again, where she is righted and bailed out.

On many of the races at least ten men are taken in each lot. They serve to keep her steady as long as the breeze is too still or the current is against the wind. But if, after the buoy is rounded and the wind dies away, the captain glances significantly at the spectators and the "hiker" pulls off his boots and drops overboard. Perhaps he is picked up, perhaps he is not noticed in the excitement of the race, and is left to take care of himself. In this case he calmly strikes out for the shore, half a mile away. For some half a dozen men are dropped over in this manner from one boat, in order to lighten her and keep her rivals from crawling ahead. But woe to the captain who sacrifices too many of his men. There may come up an unforeseen win and bowl over the too lightly ballasted boat in the twinkling of an eye.—Philadelphia Press.

A RANCH FOR CHICKENS.

A New Industry in Which Thousands of Dollars are Invested.

"The outlook for the incubator and poultry supply business is first-rate," said a well-known dealer in response to inquiries made by a reporter. "There are many new parties coming in every day now looking at machines who intend starting in the chicken-raising business this fall to make a regular trade of it. Incubators increasing in number? Yes; there are in the market from twelve to fifteen machines of different patents. We have here in our store eight of the leading ones in constant operation night and day. The prices range from \$20 to \$300 each, with a varying capacity from fifty to 2,000 eggs. As a rule, a first-class incubator hatches from eighty to ninety per cent. of the fertile eggs that are put into it. Most of the machines are automatic in their regulation, so that they require very little care."

"How much capital does it require to start in the chicken-raising business?" was asked. "I know of one party whose capital is \$100, and of another whose capital is \$400. All the eight machines that we keep are hatching chickens every day. These we send to our chicken ranch at Franklin, N. J. Some days our machines hatch out as many as three hundred chicks. Yes, the chicken-raising business is a new industry that has sprung up within the last two years. But aside from that, there are many wealthy owners of country places who have gone into it for the novelty of the thing. But you will be surprised when I tell you, and statistics will prove the truth of the statement, that the poultry industry has become one of the largest industries in this country, and amounts to more than even the trade in wheat. Even now there is not a single one

supply of eggs in the market, and it is necessary to import them in large quantities."

"Has not this growth of the business increased the demand for poultry supplies?"

"Yes very largely. Among the articles in great demand are ground bones and oyster shells, which are fed to the chicks. Where, we sell at least fifty tons of this material a year, and the demand has made a new way of disposing of bones and oyster shells. Not long ago a man started a manufactory at Yorkers for the special purpose of grinding bones and oyster shells for the chicken trade, and has a big trade in it already. It has also made a great demand for wire netting for fences to poultry yards. The other day we sold and put up for one party a mile of this wire netting."

"You spoke of a chicken ranch."

"A ranch at Franklin covers six acres of ground. It is inclosed by fences about six feet high. It contains a number of wooden buildings, built especially for chicken-raising. One of these measures sixty by eighty feet and is twenty feet high. It was originally built for the fattening of poultry. It is divided into pens for flocks of chickens of different breeds. The pens measure about ten by twenty feet, and each contains nest boxes, roosts and feeding-troughs. Another building on the ground is long and narrow, 100 feet by ten, and is divided into pens, the same as the other. Still another is forty by fifteen feet, which we use principally for ducks. It has a small pond adjoining. On a knoll back of the buildings we keep a large number of the artificial brooders for young chicks taken from the incubators at the store. They are kept in these brooders four weeks, and are then old enough to be put in with the larger stock."

"What is the capacity of such a ranch?"

"Without crowding, it will accommodate nicely one thousand full-grown fowls, five thousand young chicks and one thousand ducks. The cost of such a ranch complete without the land, is about \$5,000. One man and a boy can attend to it nicely. The duties are to feed and water the fowls regularly and keep the buildings thoroughly cleaned. If this is properly done it keeps the fowls in perfect health, and the owner, a business, properly carried on, will yield a profit of at least 100 per cent. on the capital invested and even that is a low estimate. Take fancy bred fowls and they bring from \$1 to \$10 apiece, and I know a man who has a pair of fancy bred fowls, which he couldn't buy. Then take broilers. They are worth to-day, and it is the dull season, twenty-two cents a pound, live weight. Each one will weigh two and one-half pounds, and the cost to raise it is not over fifteen cents. In winter they bring from fifty to sixty cents a pound, or \$2 a pair of fowls."

The demand for eggs for hatching is great, and a large part of our business is to supply eggs for this purpose. In fact our ranch is carried on for raising thoroughbreds, not for market poultry. Do we allow visitors? Yes, we set apart three acres of ground to see the place. But there have been a number of such ranches lately started in the neighborhood of this city. One on Long Island and one in Connecticut is the largest. The capital invested is \$10,000, and the place is conducted for the exclusive production of broilers. It now has a capacity for hatching seven thousand eggs, and they are putting up more buildings, so that the place will have a capacity for hatch up one thousand chickens a day. They find the business profitable, and first-class eggs in this city. Another somewhat different ranch is in New Jersey, which is devoted to the production of eggs exclusively, its owner having contracts with parties in this city. The man who owns it started the business three years ago with a capital of just \$25. He has now one thousand laying hens, and his present buildings cost him \$5,000, all of which he made out of the business. Yet, all this time he has been engaged in regular business in this city, and has come in every day.—U. S. Mail and Express.

GIRL TYPE SETTERS.

Not so Accurate, But as Nimble-Fingered and More Trustworthy Than Men.

At the tall type cases that were ranged on the top floor of a William street law and newspaper printing office, side by side with the male compositors, a who were busy at work with the rollers rolled up a score of young women stood swiftly sticking type in burnished composing sticks. They worked with great dexterity, and a bystander who looked on critically could not have detected that the men excelled them in any of the swiftness with which they picked the types from the case and dropped them in place in the sticks. Their ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-three years, and they were all plainly but neatly dressed. They kept their eyes on the copy before them, and attended strictly to business all day long.

"They are a first-class class of compositors," the proprietor of the place said, and some of them earn more than the men, because they stick closer to their work." The proprietor was a veteran printer himself, and said he had taught lots and lots of girls to stick type in his office during the last few years. "There must be somewhere in the neighborhood of 500 girl compositors in the town now," he added, "and most of them make a good living at it. They are Brothers and other big firms employ squads of them in their composing rooms on certain grades of work."

"What is their work compared with the men's?"

"Very favorably. A little more care has to be expended in reviewing the proofs than in the case of the men, but in other respects the women's work is just about the same. The need of watching the proofs more closely, though, makes a difference in the rate of compensation, but as a rule the difference is not more than two or three cents per thousand ems is that the rate paid to the men. You know, male printers are like sailors in their roving dispositions, and they like to go off and have a good time sometimes, and they have the good time irrespective of the demands of business. They change about from office to office a great deal too, and for this reason boss printers very often prefer to employ girls, especially when the job on hand is something to be done with a rush within a stipulated time. You can depend upon the girls every time to come to work promptly and regularly every day."

"Is there any jealousy among the men on account of the employment of women?"

"Not the least. I never hear a compositor utter a word of complaint against the competition of women." N. Y. Sun.

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- "apples—Mrs. Harrison.
- "damsons—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- "cherries—Mrs. Harrison.
- "raspberries—Mrs. Crum.
- baugh.
- Canned blackberries—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Canned currants—Mrs. Harrison.
- "tomatoes—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- display—Mrs. Harrison.
- Citron preserves—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Quince—
- Strawberry preserves—Mrs. Tandy.
- Blackberry preserves—Mrs. Tandy.
- Grape preserves—Mrs. Edmundson.
- Pear preserves—
- "—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Peach preserves—
- "Plum—
- "Tomato—
- "Cherry—
- "Apple—Miss Trabue.
- Current preserves—Mrs. Harrison.
- Gooseberry preserves—Mrs. Fitz.
- Preserves display—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Apple butter—Mrs. Harrison.
- Peach butter—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Peach leather—
- Gooseberry jelly—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Peach jelly—
- Raspberry jelly—
- Quince jelly—
- Current jelly—Mrs. Harrison.
- Plum jelly—
- Grape jelly—
- Apple jelly—
- Blackberry jelly—Mrs. Crumbaugh.
- Jelly display—Mrs. Harrison.
- Sweet pickle—Mrs. Gaither.
- Watch cake—Miss Ellen Courtney.
- Moss work—Miss Goodwin.
- Paper fan—Miss Sue Hopper.
- Ornamental feather work—Mrs. Crenshaw.
- Feather duster—Mrs. Crenshaw.
- Shell work—Mrs. Crenshaw.
- Hair work—Mrs. Tandy.
- Suit of clothes made by lady—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Floor mat—Miss Mary Crenshaw.
- Hearth rug—Miss V. Porter.
- Home-made jeans—Mrs. Stringer.
- White linsey—
- Blankets—Mrs. Stringer.
- Balmoral skirt—Mrs. J. Smithson.
- Crochet skirt—Miss Lula Campbell.
- Crochet shawl—Miss Emma Glass.
- Silk comfort—Mrs. E. C. Glass.
- Worsted comfort—Miss Mary Crenshaw.
- Grape wine—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Berry wine—Mrs. J. L. Dolin.
- Apple wine—Mrs. Harrison.
- Cordial—Mrs. Dryer.
- Display—Mrs. Bronaugh.
- Log cabin silk quilt—Mrs. Redd.
- "worsted quilt—Miss Ann Guynn.
- Embroidered worsted quilt—Miss Trabue.
- Patched silk quilt—Miss M. Martin.
- Pepper sauce—Mrs. Gaither.
- Mango—Mrs. Harrison.
- Cucumber catsup—
- Tomato—
- Display pickles—Mrs. Gaither.
- Photographic display—C. Anderson.
- Oil painting—Miss Sue Hopper.
- Water color painting—
- Crayon—Mrs. J. M. Starling.
- Drawing in pencil—Miss Lallie Woodridge.
- Fancy chemise—Miss Bettie Guynn.
- Plain—Mrs. Martin.
- Plain dress—Mrs. Crumbaugh.
- Fancy pillow cases—Miss Bettie Guynn.
- Tidy—Mrs. Gant.
- Embroidered slippers—Miss Emma Glass.
- Chemise work—Mrs. Smithson.
- Lace—Miss Mary Burnett.
- Chochoet—Miss Kennedy.
- Yoke sleeve embroidered—Mrs. E. C. Glass.
- Knitting work—Mrs. Jno. W. Cooper.
- Cotton embroidery—Mrs. E. C. Glass.
- Linon—Mrs. Smithson.
- Silk—
- Worsted—Mrs. Hammel.
- Patched worsted quilt—Miss Ann Guynn.
- Embroidered silk quilt—Miss Mollie Martin.
- Patched work cotton quilt—Mrs. Ada Griffin.
- White quilt—Miss Kennedy.
- "counterpane—Mrs. Jno. Stringer.
- Cotton spread—Miss V. Porter.
- Knit counterpane—Miss Lula Campbell.
- Crochet shawl—Miss Emma Glass.
- Silk comfort—Mrs. E. C. Glass.
- Worsted—Miss Mary Crenshaw.
- "coverlet—Mrs. J. Stringer.
- Rag comfort—Mrs. W. H. Whitton.
- Woolen socks—Mrs. Jno. Stringer.
- "stockings—
- Gloves or mittens—Mrs. M. A. Fritz.
- Half hose—Mrs. J. Stringer.
- Yarn—Miss Ellen Courtney.
- Feather fly brush—Mrs. Crenshaw.
- Duster—
- Beard work—Mrs. A. Hammel.
- Feather fan—Mrs. Crenshaw.
- Shell work—
- Light holders—
- Picture frame made by lady—Mrs. Smithson.
- "Pin cushion—Mrs. Smithson.
- Lamp mat—Miss Goodwin.
- Towel—Mrs. Gant.
- Grass Bouquet—Mrs. Smithson.
- Most beautifully arranged basket of flowers—Mrs. Crenshaw.
- Handsome arranged rustic stand with flowers—Mrs. E. P. Campbell.
- Handsome rustic basket—Miss

Mary Crenshaw.
Round bouquet—Mrs. Crenshaw.
Cotton hose—Miss V. Porter.
Feathered or fancy hose—Miss Joe Seaton.
Ornamental feather work—Mrs. Crenshaw.
Wire work—Mrs. Redd.
Paper flowers—Miss Sue Hopper.
Feather fan—Mrs. Crenshaw.

Metal Poison.

I am a coppersmith by trade, and during a series of years my arms (being bare when at work) have absorbed a wonderful amount of metal poison. Having a scrofulous tendency from my youth, the small particles of copper and brass would get into the sores, and by this process the poison was conveyed into my blood till my whole system became infected. I was treated with the old remedies of mercury and iodine potassium. Salivation followed, my teeth are all loose in my head, my digestive organs deranged, and I have been helpless in bed for over a year with mercurial rheumatism. My joints were all swollen, and I lost the use of my arms and legs, and became helpless as an infant.

My sufferings became so intense that it was impossible for me to rest. The doctors advised me to go to the city hospital for treatment. This I could not bear. A friend, who has proved a friend indeed, urged me to try Swift's Specific, believing it would cure me. Others discouraged me, but I secured a few bottles, and have now taken two dozen bottles. The first effect of the medicine was to bring the poison to the surface, and I broke out all over in running sores. They soon disappeared, and my skin cleared off. My knees, which had become twice their natural size, have resumed their usual size, and are supple as of yore. My arms and hands are all right again, and can use them without pain. The entire disease has left all parts of the body save two ulcers on my wrists, which are healing rapidly. I am weak from long confinement, but I have the use of all my limbs. This medicine is bringing me out of the greatest trial of my life, and I cannot find words sufficient to express my appreciation of its virtues, and the gratitude I feel that I ever heard of it.

PETER E. LOTE, Augusta, Ga.
Jan. 9, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treats on Blood and Skin Disease mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

But Why War?

[From Demorest's Monthly for November.]
It is difficult for an American to understand why Germany should desire war in view of the possible alliance between Russia, France, and perhaps Belgium, against her; but the leading military authorities in Germany are of opinion that the result of a war will leave the empire in a stronger position than it has ever held in the past. Austria is certain to be the ally of Germany in the event of war, for victory with that power as against Russia would mean a large extension of territory to the south-east, which would include European Turkey and Constantinople. Bismarck thinks, and with good reason, that the German military system is at its highest point of efficiency, and could face all Europe in arms. The incentive to war is to secure access to the ocean, so that all the commercial capabilities of the German empire could be fully developed. To-day this great military power is hemmed in by the ocean. There it is Bremen and Hamburg, but these are free cities, and, though belonging to the German empire, are not well located for commanding the commerce that Germany aspires to control. The greatest commercial seaport on the continent is Antwerp, on the Scheldt, but that outlet of trade is under the flag of the Belgian government. In the possession of Germany, Antwerp would soon rival Liverpool, and the flag of the fatherland would make its appearance in every maritime port of the world. Were Holland to become a part of Germany, Rotterdam would come to the front as a great seaport. All Europe believes that Germany, in view of her maritime ambition, wishes to annex Holland and get possession of Antwerp. If Russia was worsted in a great military duel, the Baltic provinces, the inhabitants of which are mainly German in language, and Russian Poland, would come into the possession of the conquering Teutons. The Russian frontier is now within three days' march of Berlin, and a slice of Russian territory to the east is very much desired by the German rulers. From Demorest's Monthly for November.

"It Will Cure Asthma."

"I had suffered with asthma for over forty years, and had a terrible attack in December and January, 1882. One day I took four doses of Parker's Tonic. The effect astonished me. I slept perfectly that night, and am now wholly well. Parker's Tonic will cure chronic asthma." E. C. Williams, Chapman, Pa.

Decay of the Dude.

[Courier-Journal.]

A tall, lank young man walked leisurely into a Fourth street restaurant last night. A high black hat was crushed down over his ears, and a lofty collar, slightly flecked with brown and bent over at the sides, encircled his slim, white neck. His coat was unbuttoned, and his pantaloons had not been brushed, while his shoes were soiled. Notwithstanding these signs of premature decay, it was evident to the observer that he was a dude.

The dude gave his little cane a gentle twirl and dropped into a seat. The waiter regarded him scornfully for a few moments and then walked up and took his order. The dude gazed at him out of a pair of watery eyes and bit his lips in silence. As he turned his face he met the sympathetic look of a Courier-Journal reporter, and, after a few moments' hesitation, unburdened himself.

"The dude is becoming a thing of the past," he said, "and the haunts to which he has known him will know him no more. Formerly I was welcome everywhere. I was the pet of the girls and the pet of the matrons. My tall collars and my tight pantaloons created admiration and envy in the breasts of all. At all fashionable parties, receptions and balls my presence was deemed an ornament and an honor. My reign was supreme. True, my tailor sometimes pressed me a little for the payment of his bill, and the landlady would cause trouble when I didn't settle my board, but those were brief storms in the sunshine of my glory, and were soon over."

"What has caused this sad change in your prosperity?" asked the re-

porter, in a tender tone of sympathy.

"Come with me, and I will show you."

Rising, the dude locked his arm in that of his new friend and piloted him to the door. There they stopped and waited. Shortly two young men, walking abreast, came along. Both were muscular in build and they bore themselves in a very aggressive manner. Their dress was very similar to that of the dude, only much cleaner and fresher. Each man carried a good size cane, which he held by the little end and, swung in front of him, giving it a motion something like that of the scythe when a farmer is cutting grass. As the dude watched them his face grew pale, and he sucked nervously at the end of a cigarette. Only a quick movement on the part of the reporter prevented him from throwing the deadly bit of weed at the passing gentlemen.

"They belong to the class that has caused my down-fall," he said, "and I have just cause for hate. Don't you know them? They are 'Mowers.' They get the name from the way they swing their canes. They have driven the dude out of popularity, and are now the favorites with the ladies. They are the petted darlings of society and we are done for. They sprang into existence only about two weeks ago, and have already risen into absolute power. It would not be so hard, but we dudes can not be mowers. A man has to be heavy and have a muscle like a prize-fighter. We have nothing to live."

The reporter looked around, surprised at the interruption, but the dude was not in sight. A breeze raised by a rapidly passing carriage had blown him away, but the mowers tramped steadily down the street, gathering in female hearts as they went.

Have tested Tongaline in neuralgia. It is very seldom that I give laudatory notice or praise of proprietary medicines, but Tongaline has given me perfect satisfaction.

C. B. Ostrander, M. D., Fairbury, Ills.

The Sartoris Estrangement.

[Galea, Ill., Special.]

The history of the alleged estrangement between Nellie Grant-Sartoris and her husband, Algernon, is believed by friends of the family here; indeed, there are one or two persons in Galea who claim to have received information from Mrs. Grant that her daughter's matrimonial life was an unhappy one. Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris have virtually lived apart during the last five years, the latter having passed most of the time very quietly with her children in Germany and Italy, while her husband has been roaming about from place to place, with no settled habitation. The reported escape of Sartoris, a few years ago, when he came over to this country to look after some of his father's property at Green Bay, and about which the papers had a great deal to say at the time, is known here to be a distortion of the truth. The wife, it is thought, however, that Nellie has gone back to England with a determination to faithfully perform her duties as a wife and mother, as she always has done, and that she will make no effort to secure the custody of her children with the view of bringing them to the United States and separating them permanently from their father.

Vigor and Purity.

You have no admiration for a stagnant pool or a malarious swamp. The waters of the merry mountain brook are clear, pure and beautiful. So with the blood. When pure, it courses rapidly through arteries and veins, and you are well and hearty. When in bad condition, your circulation is poor and sluggish, and you are not worth a cent. Brown's Iron Bitters invigorates the blood and gives you renewed life and heartiness. Mr. H. W. Devere, Enfield Centre, N. H., says, "I have derived splendid results from the use of Brown's Iron Bitters as a blood purifier."

Are You Going to Kansas?

Missouri, Colorado, California or Any of the Western States?

If you should avail yourself of the advantages that are now offered by the Kansas City Route, the only direct route from the South to the West and Northwest. This line runs its entire trains, with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, and Reclining Chair Cars, from Memphis to Kansas City, saving many hours time over any other route. If you are going you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this Short Route; mailed free.

Address: J. E. LOCKWOOD, Kansas City, Mo.

Or, H. D. ELLIS, Ticket Agent, 31 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn.

"Rough on Rats."

Kills out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Bucha-Palpa."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stings, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, &c. 50c. Druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Gophers, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, flies, chinkuns, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotency, Sexual Debility, &c.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures rheumatism, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, &c. 25c. "Rough on Pain" Plasters, 15c.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Flies."

Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding Bleeding, Internal or External. Internal and External Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vitality, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures hives, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains, &c. 15c.

"Rough on Catarrh."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases, also unequal as a gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Hoarse Breath, &c. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by "Bucha-Palpa." 50c.

"Water Bugs, Roaches."

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also Beetles, Ants.

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2500 Years Standing

CONQUERED AT LAST.

THE DEADLY MALARIA OF THE ROMAN CAMPANIA AND THE PONTINE MARSHES!

The Rev. W. C. VANMETER, so well known in this country for his good work in rescuing boys from the five points, New York City, and finding them homes in the West, is now a Bible missionary at Rome, Italy, Agent of the Italian Bible and Sunday-school Mission of New York. While visiting the United States this summer, he met the Rev. Mr. W. C. Vanmeter, who, in the performance of his missionary work in and around Rome, the home of malaria for twenty-five hundred years. This is what Mr. Vanmeter writes to a friend in Louisville:

"I am using the remedy 'Wintersmith's Tonic or Chill Cure' Mr. Arthur Peter gave me for malaria fever, instead of quinine, and find it is GOOD. Please call on Mr. Peter and ask him a special favor to send me more of it. I have used it, and I feel GREAT GOOD. I want to keep it with me all the time, for I must work."

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